Noor Series for Children

Bouquet

Part 2

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(May Allaah Protect him)

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Part 2

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Book Two – Bouquet

About the Book

This is the second in the Noor Series of children's books aimed at assisting parents and care-givers of children to effectively inculcate upright character and Islaamic behaviour in Muslim children. Together with narrating exciting stories that will appeal to every child, the book, like its predecessor, also includes questions that will increase a child's general knowledge of Islaamic personalities and of general world facts.

Riddles and jokes have also been included to further rivet the attention of every young reader to keep them reading and expanding their world of knowledge.

This second book includes many interesting stories with moral lessons, as well as a detailed look into the world of ants, which will surely enlighten the young minds and give them a realisation of the immense power of Allaah. Many stories in this book also concern little creatures and children since these characters appeal to children, who find them fun and exciting.

This is a truly appealing book for every young reader and parent wishing to read to their children something that will make a positive difference in their lives.

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نَحْمَدُهُ وَ نُصَلِّي عَلَى رَسُوْلِهِ الْكَرِيْم

With reference to the nurturing of children, an Arab scholar once said, "When an innocent child enters this world, he is just like a blank sheet of paper or like pure kneaded dough, which can be moulded in any fashion and also adorned in every possible manner.

We need to fear Allaah when it comes to our children, by arranging the best possible means for their nurturing. This is imperative because a child will grow up to be the architect of society in the future. The behaviour of tomorrow society will therefore be determined by the upbringing of the today's children. It needs to be borne in mind that a child is ready for nurturing from the time he is born. It is therefore necessary to concern ourselves with their upbringing from the very first day and to then start with the process of inculcating good habits and practises within the child. The child needs to be guarded against bad company, prevented from environments of evil and every precaution is to be taken to protect him from evil influences. Of course, a child can be influenced by good only when we are examples of good.

If we are guilty of neglecting the good nurturing of our children, we will be held accountable on the Day of Qiyaamah. This is because the guardians of children have the responsibility of seeing to the proper upbringing of these children."

He writes further, "There is nothing better to influence a child more than stories that are exciting and meaningful. This is because children love stories. This interest of theirs must therefore be fruitfully exploited as a means to nurture them in a most excellent manner."

This observation reveals a truth that so many Ulema can attest to. Who does not know the famous scholar Moulana Abul Hasan Ali Nadwi رحمه الله, His books contain a great treasure for children? In one of his books, he observes, "Ulema agree on the fact that there is nothing more effective

for the nurturing of children than true and anecdotal stories. If these stories teach Imaan and Deen, than they will serve as a primary Madrasah for children, from which they will learn good habits and be able to inculcate a most pristine character."[1]

It is with this purpose in mind that our institute has started the new Noor Series, which has been prepared with children in mind. The Noor Series is a compilation of stories that are Deeni, educational, exciting and angled to develop good character. The second part, which you hold in your hand, is called Bouquet.

The Light Series has also been developed in a like manner. These are a collection of exciting stories with colourful illustrations.

Our Plea

We appeal to all parents ensure that their children get these books and are encouraged to read them. Inshaa Allaah, these books will go a long way to contribute to the proper upbringing of your children.

Apart from this, the following benefits will also be accrued:

1. Children will be saved from boredom and from wasting time
2. They will be encouraged to work hard
3. They will encouraged to think more positively and constructively
4. They will be protected against developing an inferiority complex and their minds will be stimulated
5. They will learn speak and write better

Our final request to all readers is to remember all the members of our institute in their du'aas. In addition to this, we will be thankful if you alert us of any errors you may notice in the books.

Was Salaam

Associates of Daarul Huda Institute

[1] *Qasas min Taarekhil Islaami*.

Foreword

By Moulana Doctor Abdur Razzaaq Iskandar Sahib دامت برکاته

نَحْمَدُهُ وَ نُصَلِّي عَلَى رَسُوْلِهِ الْكَرِيْم أَمَّا بَعْدُ

The Noor Series and Light Series that have been developed to develop the character of children is an excellent effort. May Allaah accept the publications and efforts of the Daarul Huda Institute and make them a means of guidance for the Ummah. Aameen.

Abdur Razzaaq Iskandar

30/05/1428
16/06/2007

The Donkey and the Camel

There was a donkey and a camel living in a little village. The people of the village used them for all their work and the poor creatures never rested nor ate properly throughout the day. This made them both very frustrated and both had the idea to run away.

When they had finished their work one evening and were busy eating the little fodder the people gave them, the donkey brought up the subject. “You know,” he said to the camel, “I am tired of this life of working hard all day without rest or decent food to eat.”

“Dear friend!” the camel replied, “What can we do about it? It is our life.”

“We can at least protest,” the donkey remarked, “We should not work one of these days, eat to our fill and then run off somewhere far so that the people can realise our worth.”

“What!” the camel said in surprise, “When did this idea get into your head?”

“Well, you will hear such things from me if you live with me long enough,” the donkey replied, “I am now a big donkey and can think for myself. I am serious about running away to some green forest where we can eat from the trees, drink from the river and enjoy ourselves.”

The camel then confessed, “Well, I must tell you that I have thought of this a long while ago, but was afraid about what you would say. Now that you are also prepared to do it, let us run away tomorrow evening.”

“That is fine,” the donkey agreed, “Let us leave tomorrow night then.”

“However,” the camel warned, “Do not tell anyone about it. You also must remember that you must do as I say when we walk together. If you do as you please, you will cause harm to us both. Do you understand?”

“Of course, I understand,” the donkey replied, “I shall walk with you all the time, do as you say and do nothing contrary to what you say.”

The following day, the two got up early and, despite the beating they got from the people, they did very little work so that they could save their energies for the night. When the time came to eat, they ate more than their usual amount and also drank more because they did not know if they would be able to eat and drink that night.

As the people beat the donkey that day for not working, he thought to himself, “Be patient, you people! You think that I am just a stupid animal. Tonight you will learn how big I’ve become and what I can do when I run away.”

That evening, they quickly ate their fodder and started to run away from the village. They stopped to drink at the rivers and streams when they grew thirsty, but had no time to stop to eat. They bore the hunger because they needed to be as far away as possible by the time the people started to search for them in the morning.

By the next morning, they entered a lush and green forest that had streams flowing in it. Out of breath, the donkey said, “This looks like an excellent place to stay.”

“It certainly does,” the camel agreed and this became their new home. They lived in peace and comfort in their new home, which had plenty of vegetation to eat and flowing water to drink. As time went on, they became very happy and fat.

One day the donkey said to the camel, “Dear friend! I am so happy that I wish to shout out in my beautiful voice.”

However, the camel warned, “There is a chance that some human being passing by might hear you and come here to capture you. We will then both end up in the terrible condition we were in. We will be back to carrying heavy loads and being beaten all day long. It is best that you do not allow your beautiful voice to be heard. As I told you before, we need to agree to do what is right.”

However, the donkey was not prepared to listen. He protested, “But I have to release my beautiful voice because I have never before

experienced such joy and happiness. Something might happen me if I do not."

He had barely said this when he started to bray loudly and hop about. There happened to be a caravan nearby. When the leader of the caravan heard the noises, he asked the guards, "Do you hear something?"

Turning their heads about, the guards said, "Yes. That seems to be the braying of a donkey."

"We desperately need some donkeys for the caravan, so go and get it for us," the leader instructed the guards.

The guards searched the forest in the direction of the sound and eventually discovered the donkey. To their joy, they found a camel as well. They quietly surrounded the two animals so that they would have nowhere to run and finally pounced on them. The two did not have chance to escape and were soon bound and brought before the leader.

The leader was overjoyed to get two animals to help carry their goods. Seeing that they were fat, he immediately instructed that both animals be loaded with extra goods. They were then forced to move along with the other animals in the caravan.

As they trudged along the path, the camel scolded the donkey, saying, "Did I not tell you that we need to work together? Life would still have been fine if you had listened, but you had to do what you wanted and landed us back into this mess. Is this fair?"

The donkey was too embarrassed to reply and merely walked with his head drooped. The two were not used to working so hard and soon grew very tired. While the camel still managed to walk along wearily, the donkey could not and stood dead still. Try as they may, the people could not get him to budge.

"Load that stubborn donkey on to the camel," the leader commanded, "We can sort him out when we reach the city."

The people immediately loaded off all the goods that both were carrying and placed the donkey on the camel's back. This made the

camel furious and he said to the donkey, “This is all because you refused to listen to me. This day would have never come if you had listened and not brayed like that. I think I should rather drop you off a cliff if we pass through the mountains.”

It was not long afterwards that they did come to a mountain. The climb became exceedingly difficult for the poor camel because the donkey was not light. “Put me down,” the donkey said to the camel, “I shall climb the mountain by myself.”

He had hardly said this when the leader of the caravan also decided to do the same and sent his men to take the donkey off. As the two animals walked side by side, the donkey said, “Let us run off.”

“Now is not the time,” the camel said, “because the path is very narrow and we may slip and fall.”

When the donkey insisted that they run off, the camel warned, “I’ve told you before that we need to work together if we are going to get anywhere. You got us into this trouble for not listening, so don’t do it again.”

However, the donkey was stubborn and suddenly started to bolt down the path. The guards immediately gave chase and darted behind him with the sticks in their hands. The donkey ran as fast as he could through the narrow and winding path until he tripped on a rock and lost his balance. As much as he tried to regain his balance and run on, he could to and went tumbling down the side of the mountain. The guards then left the chase and went back to join the caravan.

Watching his friend tumble down to his death, the camel thought, “Had he listened even this time, he would still be alive now.” However, he did not have much time to mourn his friend’s death because he heard the caravan leader shout out for them to move on. He therefore had to leave and proceed along with the rest of the caravan.

Dear friends! Although this is just a story, the lesson is very important. The story teaches us then importance of working together and following instructions. You should all make the firm intention to always cooperate with your elders and follow their instructions because they know more than us and will always do what is best for us. However, if

we fail to do so, we must be prepared to cause ourselves much harm and live with the disgrace that follows.

The Orchard

Aadil and Saalih were the best of friends. They were both bright students and lived close to each other. They played to together, ate together and were together almost all the time.

Saalih's father was a very pious man who would always be giving good advice to his son. He would always say, "Dear son! Obey Allaah at all times and avoid sin at all costs. Before doing anything, think about the fact that Allaah is watching you and is with you at all times and in all places. There is nothing that you can hide from Allaah. Son! There will come day when you will be questioned about everything you said and did."

Saalih always listened to what his father said and did his best to put it into practice.

It was once during the school holidays that Aadil walked to Saalih's house. He rang the bell and stood aside to wait for someone to open. Saalih came to the door and immediately greeted with a loud "*As Salaamu Alaykum wa Rahmatullaahi wa Barakaatuh*".

"*Wa Alaykumus Salaam wa Rahmatullaahi wa Barakaatuh*," Aadil said as he smiled back to his friend.

"How are you today?" he asked Saalih as they shook hands.

"*Alhamdu Lillaah*!" Saalih replied, "I was just thinking of coming to you, but you beat me."

"What will we be doing today since it is a holiday?" Saalih asked as the two of them walked together hand in hand.

Aadil suggested, "Let us go to the orchard just outside town. We can eat the fruit there and drink from the cool water of the river. We can then sit and talk there."

"That is a good idea," Saalih agreed as they walked on, "We haven't been there for a long time. Let's go!"

Since the orchard was nearby, it was not long before they reached it. It was always a beautiful sight with the large trees, ripe fruit and chirping birds of all colours. They sat and spoke for awhile before Aadil said, "Now I would like to eat one of those delicious fruits from the tree."

Looking around the orchard, Saalih said, "But I do not see the caretaker anywhere. How will we be able to pluck it?"

"Oh, that's not a problem," Aadil said, "I will stand on that wall and simply pluck it off since it is not very high."

"But what if the caretaker catches you?" Saalih asked.

"Oh, that's not a problem either," Aadil assured him, "You will watch if he comes while I am on the wall." The words were barely out of his mouth when he quickly jumped on top of the wall and went to pluck the fruit.

It was then that Saalih heard his father's words ringing in his mind, "Allaah is watching you and is with you at all times and in all places. There is nothing that you can hide from Allaah."

Saalih immediately shouted out, "Aadil! Someone's watching!"

Aadil instantly sprang off the wall and crouched down with Saalih. Looking around everywhere, Aadil asked, "Who's watching us? I don't see anyone about."

Saalih replied, "Allaah is watching us. He is with us everywhere and at all times. One day he will question us about what we say and what we do."

Aadil was also a good boy and also did his best to avoid sins. He therefore felt ashamed for what he did and said to Saalih , "You are right, Saalih. Allaah sees everything and what we did was very wrong. We should buy the fruit from the caretaker before eating it."

"You are an excellent friend!" Saalih said as he hugged Aadil. The two then went looking for the caretaker together.

Dear friends! There is no doubt that Allaah is with us all the time and knows exactly what we do. We should therefore never do anything against Allaah's commands, such as lying or taking someone's property without their permission. Such acts displease Allaah and a good Muslim never displeases Allaah.

You must therefore make a firm intention to be an obedient servant of Allaah and to never do anything to displease Him.

Priceless Treasures

Question 1: Who was the first woman from the Sahabah ψ who memorised the Qur'aan?

Answer 1: ....

Question 2: Who was the first Sahabi τ to be named Muhammad after Rasulullaah ρ?

Answer 2: ....

Question 3: Who was the Sahabi τ who was the first to form a Muslim navy?

Answer 3: ....

Riddles

1.

A treasure all in one
Yet no jealous person can have it
What is it?

2.

These travellers never grow tired
Yet they never get to meet each other

Please do Not Laugh

❁ Some people visited a miser and said, “We have come to seek donation for a dam that needs to be built in this area.”

Calling to his son, the miser said, “Son! Bring two buckets of water and give it to these people.”

❁ A man screamed out loud and then started to run very fast.

“Where are you off too?” a passerby asked.

“I am running after my voice to see how far it travels.”

Tamboori's Shoes

There once lived a man in Baghdad called Tamboori. He was a very wealthy man, but as much as he was wealthy, he as much miserly. He was such a miser that he did not even provide the needs of his family unless they made a big fuss about it. In fact, they became so frustrated that they all left him and he was left to live all by himself.

Tamboori would change his clothing only when the ones he wore became so old and tattered that they could not be repaired any longer. He wore his shoes for more than seven years and still would not buy new ones. In fact, he repaired them so much that they looked completely different and were very difficult to walk with. His shoes soon became the talk of the town because everyone teased and insulted him for it. Despite all of this, Tamboori still refused to purchase new shoes because he was so stingy.

Tamboori was once passing through the marketplace when he met one of the businessmen. The man said to him, "Tamboori! There is a merchant who is selling beautiful glass bottles. Although they are not worth much right now, their value will soon increase and they will be worth a fortune in short period of time. You will then be able to make a huge profit on them."

Tamboori thanked the man profusely and immediately went to the merchant who sold the bottles. He then bought all the beautiful glass bottles from him. He had just finished there when he met a man who sold perfumes. The man said to him, "Tamboori! I have heard that a merchant nearby is selling a special rose perfume. Although it is not worth much right now, the value will soon increase and it will be worth a fortune in short period of time. You will then be able to make a huge profit on them."

Tamboori thanked the man profusely and immediately went to the merchant who sold the perfume, where he bought all of the perfume from him. Tamboori then poured he perfume out into the glass bottles and kept them safely at home. Thereafter, he proceeded to the public baths where he needed to take a bath.

When he got there, the owner of the baths recognised his shoes and said, “Tamboori! When are you going to buy new shoes? Look what you’ve done to these! Everyone in town knows that these are Tamboori’s shoes and they have made it a huge joke. Are you not ashamed at it?” Tamboori gave no reply and merely hung his head down as he went in to bath.

When he came out of the bath, Tamboori saw a pair of new shoes next to his and thought that the owner of the baths had felt him sorry and bought him a new pair. He therefore wore the new pair and left his where it was.

In the meantime, the owner of the new shoes had completed his bath and came out to find his shoes missing. All that was left in its place were Tamboori’s patched shoes.

“Whose are these?” he asked the other people in the baths. Without a second glance, everyone told him that the shoes belonged to Tamboori.

The man was furious and immediately went to the judge to complain about Tamboori stealing his shoes. The judge sent the police to Tamboori’s house and when they saw him wearing the new shoes, it was proof enough for them that he had stolen it. They therefore put him in jail and also had him punished.

Tamboori was released a few days later. Knowing well that all this trouble had been because of his old shoes, he went straight to the marketplace and bought the cheapest shoes he could find. Thereafter, he threw the old shoes in the river.

As the shoes flowed down the river, they became entangled in the net of fisherman who was busy fishing nearby. Because the shoes were so heavy, the fisherman thought that a large fish must have been caught in the net. He became very happy and quickly pulled the net in. However, he was disappointed to find only the old shoes there.

“Tamboori’s shoes!” he exclaimed as he recognised them instantly, Tamboori must have dropped them in the river by mistake. I shall drop them off at his house on my way home.”

However, when the fisherman passed by Tamboori’s house later that day, he did not find Tamboori at home. He therefore threw the shoes inside the house and left. Unfortunately for Tamboori, the shoes crashed against the bottles of perfume and, because they were so heavy, they broke every one of the bottles.

Tamboori returned home later that evening and was shocked to find all his bottles of perfume lying in bits on the floor. The sight made him weep and he just sat there weeping for a long while, thinking of all the money he had lost. As he wiped the tears off his eyes, his sight fell upon the shoes lying amid the broken glass.

He sprang up, picked up the shoes and said, “Where have you come from? Did I not throw you in the river? How did you get here?” However, as much as he shook the shoes and questioned them, they could give no reply. He finally decided, “I shall now dig a hole and bury you like they bury the dead!”

He then took up a spade and started to dig beside the wall of his neighbour’s bedroom. When the neighbour saw what he was doing, he immediately reported it to the judge, saying, “Please come immediately, judge! Tamboori is digging up my bedroom wall.”

Without delay, the judge sent his men to bring Tamboori to his court. When they brought him there, the judge ruled that Tamboori would have to pay a fine and serve a few days in jail because he had caused trouble to his neighbour. As he sat alone in his cell, Tamboori was furious with his shoes for all the trouble he had been put through because of it. He therefore resolved to disgrace his shoes as much as it had disgraced him.

As soon as he was released from prison, he went straight to the sewer pipes and threw the shoes in there with all the sewage. However, because of their size and weight, the shoes blocked the sewer pipes and caused all the sewage to rise. As the sewage started to flood the shops and houses, there was an outbreak of typhoid in the area and many people became ill.

Eventually, when the sewage workers managed to unblock the pipes, they found the cause of the blockage. Again the people went to the judge to complain about Tamboori. The judge again called for Tamboori

and again sentences him to a few days jail with punishment and a fine to pay. This time the shoes were handed back to him with instructions to put them where they will cause no harm to anyone.

As Tamboori left with his shoes, he wondered what he could do with them because they kept returning to cause problems for him. Since he could not make up his mind, he decided to first wash the shoes, dry them and then decide what to do. He therefore washed them and placed them on his roof to dry.

Unfortunately for Tamboori again, a dog sitting on the roof thought that the shoes were food for it and took one into its mouth. Being even heavier with the water they were soaked in, the dog was unable to carry the shoes and they fell out of its mouth and landed smack upon the head of a man passing through the alley. Since they had fallen from a high place and were so heavy, the man sustained a serious injury. However, it was not at all difficult for him to identify the cause of his injury. He therefore went straight to judge to complain about Tamboori.

Tamboori was brought yet again before the judge, who said, "You have certainly caused us tremendous grief with your shoes, Tamboori. Complaints about your shoes have kept me busy for the past few days and another complaint is doing the same even today. Now listen well to me. If I ever receive another complaint about your shoes, I shall punish you most severely. This is a final warning! For now, you will have to pay for the injured man's treatment."

Tamboori then took the man to a doctor, had him treated and returned him back home. He then sat and wondered what to do with the shoes. Suddenly, a thought struck him and he jumped for joy. "Problem solved!" he shouted. He then went to bed and fell soundly off to sleep.

The following morning, Tamboori took his shoes to the court and placed it before the judge. "Respected judge!" he said, "I declare that these shoes no longer belong to me from this day onwards and I will have nothing to do with them! You be the witness to this, O judge. Please save me from them because they have caused me nothing but grief."

The judge laughed when he heard this and instructed his men to have the shoes buried somewhere. The shoes were never heard of again.

Dear friends! This story teaches us that the wealth that a person hoards and does not spend on things that are necessary will be a cause of harm to him. We should therefore spend when necessary without wasting. Together with this, we must also get into the habit of spending on the poor and needy.

The Penalty for Jealousy

There was a very poor man who lived a very long time ago. He lived with his wife in an old hut and hardly had enough food to eat. However, he ate whatever he could earn and was always thankful to Allaah.

He worked hard doing menial jobs in the town all day, barely managing to earn even a single Dirham. He then used the Dirham to buy whatever food he could get for him and his wife. After eating their simple meal, husband and wife thanked Allaah each and every day.

The poor man was returning home one day after a hard day's work, when he passed by a Masjid. He saw an extremely old man leaning against the wall of the Masjid, barely able to stand. As he passed by, the old man called for him.

Unsure if he heard properly, the poor man went up to the old man and asked, "Did you call for me, dear sir?"

"Yes, I did," the old man said as he coughed, "It was you whom I was calling for."

"What can I do for you?" the poor man asked politely.

"Could you do me a favour?" the old man asked feebly.

"Certainly," the poor man replied, "What is it?"

"Will you please put down that food you are carrying and carry me instead," the old man requested.

"But why should I put the food down and carry you?" the man asked in surprise.

"You see, dear son," the old man explained, "I am unable to walk anymore and will have to be carried. Now if you carry me, you will be unable to carry the food as well."

Feeling the old man sorry, the poor man put his parcel down and lifted the old man up onto his shoulders. After walking for awhile, the poor man asked, "Where shall I carry you to, dear sir?"

"I have nowhere to go, dear son," the old man replied in a weak voice, "You may take me to your home."

Knowing that he was too poor to care for the old man, the poor man suggested, "Maybe I should take you to my neighbour's house. You will be more comfortable there than you would be at my place."

"Oh dear no," the old man insisted, "Take me only to your house. All I need is a place to sleep."

The poor man then carried the old man home as he asked. When he reached his home, he explained the situation to his wife and said, "If we have a piece of leftover bread, do warm it and soften it with any bit of butter you may have in the house. We can at least serve that to the old man."

"Of course," the kind woman said as she went in to search for something.

It was not long afterwards that she returned with the little bread and butter. When her husband served it to the old man, he took only a very tiny piece of bread and returned the rest to the poor man so that he could share it with his wife. The couple ate the food and thanked Allaah for the meal.

The old man then called his host over and said, "Please come over here for a while."

When the poor man went to him, the old man said, "Son! Because I am so old, I have to sleep on a bed. Could you please get me one."

"Of course," the poor man said, "I shall make arrangements for you to have a bed."

He then went to his wife and said to her, "The old man needs to sleep on a bed. Since we have only one bed, we will have to sleep in the courtyard tonight and let him have our bed."

The good woman agreed and said, “Certainly! I am prepared to do that.”

The couple then made the old man comfortable in their bed and went to the courtyard to sleep. They had just laid down to sleep when the old man called again. “Yes, sir,” the poor man said, “What can I do for you this time?”

“You see,” the old man explained, “Because I am so weak, my legs are very painful. It is therefore difficult for me to fall asleep. Would you kindly rub my legs for me.”

The poor man was a kind soul and began rubbing the old man’s legs until he managed to fall asleep. When he was sure that the old man was sound asleep, he stopped rubbing and tiptoed to the courtyard, where he was also able to get some sleep.

The following morning when the poor man awoke for the Fajr salaah and had awoken his wife as well, he went to the room to wake the old man up as well. However, when he got there, he found that the old man was gone and the room was filled with gold coins.

Unable to understand what had happened, he went to the town to search for the old man, but could not find him anywhere. After performing his salaah in the Masjid, he again searched for the old man in the town, but could still not find him. Eventually, he returned home and informed his wife that the old man was nowhere to be found.

It was as the two of them sat in the room wondering what to do with all the money that they saw a letter on the bed. The letter read:

“Congratulations dear son! You had hosted me well last night. I am a very wealthy businessman who lives in another area. I wanted to assist a poor man in need and was looking for someone when I saw you. I then looked for an excuse to get to your house and when I saw how you lived, I knew that you were the one I wanted to help. As soon as the two of you were asleep, I quietly sneaked out of the house brought the treasure I had buried nearby and brought it to your house with the help of my servants. I did not want to awaken you from your wonderful sleep, so I wrote this letter instead. When you awaken in the morning,

you will have all these gold coins for yourself. Please do not forget me in your du’aas.

Was Salaam”

The poor man sat looking at the gold coins and looking at the letter. He could not believe what had happened and did not know what to do. After a long while, his wife suggested, “Let us count the coins and then put them away in a safe place.”

“How will we manage to count so many coins?” the poor man asked, “Perhaps we should rather weigh them and then put them away.”

His wife agreed and she immediately went over to the neighbour’s house to borrow a scale from them. Their neighbour was a wealthy businessman and his wife. Although they were wealthy people, both the husband and the wife had two very bad habits. The first was that they were very jealous of other people and the second was that they were very miserly and did not like to help others. Because of these bad habits, they also became very proud and arrogant and looked down on other people. They especially disliked their poor neighbours.

The wealthy neighbour and his wife were eating breakfast when they heard a knock on the door. “Who can it be so early in the morning?” the man grumbled to his wife, “Go and see who it is.”

When then lady opened the door, she was surprised to see her poor neighbour standing there. “So early in the morning, dear? Is something wrong?” she asked.

“Nothing is wrong,” the poor lady replied with a smile, “I only needed to borrow your scale for a while, I shall return it as soon as I am done today.”

“Oh, alright,” the lady said as she went indoors to get the scale. She then said to her husband, “It is the lady next door. She has come to borrow out scale. She says that she will return it today.”

“A scale?” the husband said, “What would they need a scale for? They have nothing to weigh! Perhaps they want to weigh some stones!” He then laughed at his insult.

“That is exactly what I was thinking,” the wife replied, “I shall put some glue at the bottom of the scale so that whatever it is they are weighing will stick to it and we will know what they are weighing.” She then did this and handed over the scale to the poor lady.

“Thank you very much,” the poor lady said as she took the scale and left.

The poor man was waiting for his wife. “What took so long?” he asked as he set up the scale, “We have to get to work.”

They busily weighed all the gold coins and then buried it in a safe spot in their house. The wife then took the scale back to the neighbours.

The businessman’s wife was eagerly awaiting her return to see what was being weighed and opened the door as soon as the poor lady knocked.

“Thank you so very much for the scale,” the poor lady said.

Unable to contain herself any longer, the neighbour’s wife asked, “And what was it that you needed to weigh?”

Surprised at the question, the poor lady could not say anything, but she quickly recovered and said, “Oh, it’s nothing really. It was my husband who needed to weigh something.”

The businessman’s wife then pointed to a gold coin stuck on the glue and said, “And what is that?”

The poor woman was shocked at the discovery and could not say anything. However, her neighbour threatened, “You had better tell me the truth about where you got all those gold coins. Otherwise I will have tell my husband and he will report to the police that you had stolen them.”

“No! No sister, please do not do that,” the poor woman begged, “Allaah forbid that we should ever steal. I shall tell you the truth so that you may never have to think evil of us.” She then proceeded to tell the

neighbour about the old man her husband met at the Masjid and about all that happened afterwards.

The neighbour's wife was burning with jealousy when she heard the story and immediately went in to see her husband. "Do you know what those poor people wanted to weigh?"

"What was it?" he asked anxiously.

"Gold coins!" she replied.

"What?! Where did they get gold coins from?" he asked in shock.

After telling him the story, the wife said, "You will have to find that old man today and bring him home as our neighbours did. You will have to carry him on your shoulders and serve him so that he leaves all those gold coins for us."

"But I don't even recognise him," the man pointed out.

"I will describe him to you," the wife replied and she quickly gave him a detailed description of the old man.

That evening, the businessman took some food along and searched for the old man. After failing to find him in two of the Masjids, he was beginning to lose hope, but then decided to try the last Masjid. He had performed salaah and was leaving the Masjid when he saw an old man fitting the description of the man he was looking for. Little did he realise that this old man was really a thief looking for a victim.

As the old man started to leave the Masjid, the businessman went up to him and said, "Dear old man! Do ask me to carry you on my shoulders."

Unable to understand what was happening, the old man said, "Why should I ask you to do that? I don't even know you."

"What harm will it do to you? Do ask me to do that," the businessman insisted.

“Oh, alright,” the old man replied, “Why don’t you carry me on your shoulders then.”

“Thank you,” the businessman said happily as he placed down the food he was carrying and lifted the old man up with his strong arms. He then started to walk home.

As they passed by a tree on the way, the old man said, “Please put me down at that tree. I walk by myself after that.”

However, when the businessman walked straight past the tree, the old man started to get worried and wondered what was happening. “Please put me down immediately!” he demanded as they walked ahead. The businessman ignored the old man’s words and pretended that he could not hear. The old man was unable to free himself from the strong grip and was eventually forced to start shouting, “Help me someone! Get this man to put me down!”

Hearing his calls for help, many people gathered around and said to the businessman, “What is the matter with you? Leave the old man!”

“Don’t worry about him,” the businessman said, “He is my father and has gone mad. He does not want to go home, so I have to carry him. We need to hurry because it will soon be nightfall.”

The people believed him and allowed him to continue. Helpless to do anything, the old man allowed the businessman to carry him home.

When they reached the house, his wife was eagerly waiting for them to continue with the rest of the plan. The man put the old man down and said to him, “Do ask for a place to sleep.”

“But I don’t want to sleep here,” the old man insisted, “I have my own place to sleep.”

However, the businessman and his wife were persistent and the old man was again forced to do as they said. “Alright then,” he sighed, “Do give me a place to sleep.”

The couple were very excited and happily did everything for the old man, before putting him to bed and then going to sleep in another

room. Because he had been out all day, the businessman fell asleep almost immediately. His wife was also exhausted from the entire day's waiting and joined her husband in a very deep sleep.

In the meantime, the old man was tossing and turning and unable to sleep. Since he was an old thief, he could not resist the thought of stealing from the businessman's home. He therefore got up and started looking around the house. When he saw the businessman and his wife in such a deep sleep, he was overjoyed, since it would make his work easier. It did not take him long to find the stacks of cash and boxes of jewellery in the house. By the morning, he was far away from house with everything valuable that the couple possessed.

When the businessman and his wife awoke the following morning, they rushed to the old man's room, eager to find the gold coins. However, there was no joy for them. All they found was a room that had been turned upside down to search for valuables. The rest of the house looked the same.

The businessman ran outside to look for the old man, but could not find him anywhere. Husband and wife then sat down in their house with their faces in their hands. There was nothing that they could do. They then realised that this was the penalty for the jealousy they bore for the poor couple next door.

Dear friends! Jealousy is a terrible act. Jealousy is when you see your friend with something nice and you think, "Why has he got it? I wish that he loses it and I get it!"

Jealousy makes a person hollow inside and the harms of jealousy affect only the jealous person. We must therefore avoid jealousy at all costs.

Question 4: Who was the first Sahabi τ to fire an arrow in the path of Allaah?

Answer 4: ....

Question 5: Which Sahabi τ was the first child to accept Islaam?

Answer 5: ....

Question 6: Hadhrat Abu Ayyoob Ansaari τ was the nickname of a famous Sahabi τ. What was his real name?

Answer 6: ....

Riddles

3.

It says nothing
But is a treasure of knowledge
Keep it with you wherever you go
What is it?

4.

I travel to the skies without a ladder
And am the first to reach
What am I?

Please Do Not Laugh

❁ Taariq: Let us go make a turn somewhere.
Ahmad: We do not have to go anywhere then. We can turn around right here where we are standing.

❁ Dentist: Open your mouth
Patient: It is open.
Dentist: Open wider.
Patient: Wider? Do you need to sit inside my mouth to remove the tooth?

Three Buffaloes and a Lion

There were three buffaloes living in a forest. One was black, the other was white and the third was brown. They lived happily together and defended each other by joining together and fighting off attackers. The forest had plenty of lush vegetation for them to eat and a spring of fresh water to drink from. They were therefore very happy and peaceful.

One day, a lion came into the area and was pleased to see three fat buffaloes to enjoy as a meal. However, he knew that he could not attack them when they stood together, so he thought up a plan to eat them.

Pretending to be a weak old lion, he approached the three and said, “O you three beautiful buffaloes! Will you allow me to stay a few days with you in this forest?”

Knowing that the lion will be no threat to the three of them, the buffaloes agreed. The three then continued eating their vegetation as the lion hunted and ate small animals. However, his mind was still set on enjoying the large and healthy buffaloes as a meal.

As the days passed and the small animals learnt about the lion in the forest, they started to leave and live elsewhere. Eventually, there were no animals for the lion to hunt and he started to starve in hunger.

“If only there was only one buffalo,” he thought to himself, “I am only one and cannot fight the three of them together. There must be something I can do.” As he sat and thought, the idea suddenly struck. All he had to do was to create disunity between them and drive them apart. It was only then that he could attack.

The following day he went up to the black and brown buffaloes and, after praising them, he said, “This white buffalo is a real problem for us. Because of his bright colour, he can be seen from far away. I am worried that if some people come hunting, they will see him very easily, whereas we cannot be seen through the thick forest. Now if they

see him and come to hunt him, they will find us with him and we will all be in danger. We may all then be killed.”

The two buffaloes were instantly alarmed. Their fear made them forget that whenever there was any danger, they always stood together and faced it as a team. In this way, they had always remained safe and free.

However, the lion was so convincing that they became frightened and asked, “What can we do about this, brother lion?”

“Well,” the lion said in a concerned voice, “We have no option if we are to save ourselves. You will have to leave it to me to see that he is killed and no more a danger for us.”

The two buffaloes agreed and the lion attacked and killed the helpless white buffalo while the others did nothing to help. The lion got what he wanted and was satisfied for a while after eating the large meal.

However, he was still intent on getting the other two buffaloes as well. It was not long afterwards that he decided to now create disunity between the remaining two buffaloes.

He therefore went up to the brown buffalo and said, “That black buffalo does not look at all like the two of us. Anyone seeing you and I from far will think that we are two lions and will be too afraid to attack us. However, if they see the black buffalo, they will know immediately that he is a buffalo and will attack. We will both be in danger then and may both lose our lives.”

The foolish brown buffalo thought that the lion was his friend and did not realise that he was really the enemy. “What will we do?” he asked the lion.

“That is not a problem,” the lion assured him, “I will get rid of him and then the two of us can roam around the jungle and rule the area because we look like two strong lions.” The brown buffalo agreed to the plan and it was not long afterwards that the lion was eating another large meal.

As time drew on, the lion was again tired of eating small animals and said to the brown buffalo, “I am now hungry and nothing is left to eat except you. I have therefore decided to eat you next.”

“What!” the buffalo exclaimed in shock, “You said that we two shall remain friends. How can you eat me?”

The lion laughed at the foolishness of the buffalo and said, “What a fool you are! How can a lion and a buffalo every be friends when we lions eat you buffaloes?” He then gave a loud roar and pounced upon the poor buffalo.

Only then did the buffalo miss his two companions, who never caused him any harm throughout their lives. Only now did he realise the plan the lion had from the beginning. However, it was now too late for regrets. Before the lion could kill him, he said, “Could you please allow me to first make an announcement?”

“Of course,” the lion growled, “You have your final wish.”

The brown buffalo then announced, “O people! Although I am dying now, my death really started the day my friend the white buffalo was killed.”

The lion then wasted no time in making him the third large meal.

See friends?! The buffaloes remained safe for so many years because they were united. However, as soon as the two of them broke that unity by believing the lion and worrying only about their lives, they lost that unity. For this reason, the brown buffalo said that she had actually died the day their unity was lost and the white buffalo was killed. They had died the day they allowed their friend to die.

Dear friends! The lesson we learn from this that we must never act on the advice of any person without thinking properly and asking our elders. This is because we may never see the harm that can come to us. We must therefore always remain united and always ask advice from our parents, teachers and elders. This will be very beneficial and lead to success instead of failure.

The Brave Boy and the Tyrant

There was a king who lived in bygone times who was very cruel. He oppressed the people in his land and even told them that he was their god and they must worship him.

This king also had a magician who worked for him. When people said that the king could not be a god because he was a human, the king would say to the magician, “You had better show them something so that I am not exposed. If the people find out that I am not a god, neither you nor I would be alive.” In this way, the king remained in power.

However, the time came when the magician became very old and was drawing close to death. The king became very worried and could not even eat or sleep with his worry. He knew that if the magician died, he would not remain as king for long. He thought long and hard for a solution to the problem, but could not come to a decision.

Eventually, he called the magician one day and said, “It appears that you will be leaving me one day soon. When that happens, I shall be disgraced because it is through your magic that I am able to convince the people that I am their god. I cannot even think of what they will do when they find out. Do you have any solutions?”

The magician replied, “Send me an intelligent boy and I shall teach him everything I know. He can then take my place when I die.”

The king was overjoyed to hear this and immediately started a search for such a boy. Eventually, a boy named Abdullaah, who was the son of Taamir was selected. Amongst other excellent qualities, he was a very intelligent boy.

The king sent the boy to take lessons from the magician. Whenever Abdullaah came to the magician, he had to pass by a house that belonged to a Muslim by the name of Faymoon. Abdullaah was very impressed by the manner in which Faymoon worshipped Allaah and would sit with him every day. In this manner, Faymoon taught Abdullaah plenty about Allaah and his religion.

It once occurred that a lion blocked the path and prevented people from passing. When Abdullaah arrived there, he prayed within his heart, saying, "O Allaah! If the way of Faymoon is more beloved to you than the way of the magician, then kill this beast with this stone so that people may pass." He then picked up a small stone and walked up to the lion. The people were surprised by this, but were unable to stop him. To their surprise, the stone instantly killed the lion and people were able to pass by peacefully.

The people then gathered around Abdullaah to ask him how he had managed to that. He explained, "I used to visit a pious man as well as a magician, but it was the practices of the pious man that I liked very much. When I picked up the stone, I prayed, 'O Allaah! If the way of the pious man is more beloved to you than the way of the magician, then kill this beast with this stone.'" He then informed them that he followed the religion of the pious man. The people were very impressed and thanked him profusely.

Abdullaah became very famous amongst the people and started to preach to them the religion of Faymoon. Allaah also made it such that Abdullaah was now able to cure sick people through his du'aas after they agreed to accept his Deen of Islaam.

When Abdullaah spoke to Faymoon about this, he warned, "Abdullaah! This is a country of Kuffaar and the king is also a Kaafir. I fear that he must not harm you because of your religion."

However, all Abdullaah wanted was to make people Muslims. He therefore continued to preach to the people, but assured Faymoon that he would not tell anyone about him.

It so happened that one of the king's ministers had become blind and could not get any treatment to help him. When he heard about Abdullaah, he went to him and asked to be cured. Abdullaah said to him, "I cannot cure anyone, but it is only Allaah Who cures any illnesses. If you are willing to believe in Allaah, I promise you that Allaah will cure your blindness."

The minister agreed and Abdullaah made du'aa for him and Allaah restored his sight. When the minister went to the king one day, the

king asked, “What has happened to you? How is it that you can see again?”

The minister replied, “My Rabb restored my eyesight.”

The king asked, “Do you have a Rabb besides me?” The minister replied, “Allaah Ta'aala is my Rabb and your Rabb. You are just an ordinary person like us all.”

“Who taught you this?” the king demanded to know.

The minister replied, “I shall not tell you who he is because I owe him for his kindness to me.”

The king then had the minister beaten and tortured most cruelly. While the minister would not reveal the name, some other people who wanted the king’s favours informed him about Abdullaah. The king sent his soldiers to bring Abdullaah to him.

When then king saw who Abdullaah was, he was surprised because he expected Abdullaah to be learning magic from the magician. To confirm his suspicions, he asked, “Are you not the same boy whom I sent to learn magic?”

Abdullaah replied, “Yes I the same Abdullaah.”

“Where then did you learn all of this?” the king asked.

“That,” Abdullaah replied, “Is a secret that I shall not tell you about.”

The king then made Abdullaah over to a few of his men and instructed them to take him to the summit of a mountain. If he renounced his religion there, he was to be set free, otherwise if he still refused to forsake his religion, they were to throw him off the mountain. As they climbed the mountain with him, Abdullaah made du’aa thus, “O Allaah! Suffice for me against them in whichever manner You please.” Allaah then caused the mountain to tremor and all the king’s men fell to their deaths.

The king then sent him with another party of men, instructing them to take him by ship to the middle of the ocean. If he did not give up his

religion, they were to throw him overboard. When they reached the middle of the ocean, the boy again prayed, “O Allaah! Suffice for me against them in whichever manner You please.” As he made the du’aa, the ship capsized and all the king’s men were drowned.

Abdullaah then told the king, “You will be unable to kill me by any method except by one.”

“What is that one method?” the king asked.

Abdullaah replied, “Gather the people on a field and I will then tell you how.”

The king did as he was told. When they were all gathered in a field the following day, Abdullaah explained, “You can kill me only if you shoot an arrow at me. However, before shooting the arrow at me, you must say, ‘In the name of Allaah, Who is our Rabb.’ This is the only way by which you can kill me.”

When the king did this, the boy was martyred. The people looking on were fascinated by this and cried out in one voice, “We also believe in Allaah! We also believe in Allaah!”

The king was furious. He then instructed his soldiers to dig trenches, fill the trenches with fire and then throw everyone in who refused to believe that he was god. However, the people knew well that death was in Allaah’s hands and not the king’s and they firmly believed that Allaah was their Rabb. They were therefore thrown into the fire and also became martyrs.

Dear friends! Do you know that Allaah has spoken about this story in Surah Burooj in the 30th Para? The story is known as the story of *As’haabul Ukhdood* (the people of the trench).[1] The people who had been martyred will enter gardens of Jannah where rivers flow, while the ones who killed them and did not seek forgiveness will burn forever in Jahannam.

We must therefore make the intention never to disobey Allaah and your parents and to always perform your salaah. We must also not oppress

[1] Note that this story has been taken from various narrations in the books of Tafseer and history. There may be other variations of it.

people, never harm them and never watch television. This will make Allaah happy with us and cause us to also enter Jannah.

Question 7: Who was the first to receive the title of *Qaadhil Qudhaat* (Chief Justice)?

Answer 7: ....

Question 8: Which Muslim king started the first Urdu newspaper?

Answer 8: ....

Question 9: Which Arabic alphabets can be read correctly from both directions?

Answer 9: ....

Riddles

5.

When it comes, it makes a noise and calls you to it. What is it?

6.

It never tires when it runs and has wings but never flies. What is it?

Please Do Not Laugh

❁ The circus owner announced that entrance to the circus will be free. Many people flocked there and happily watched the acts. When the circus was over, the manager closed the gates and announced, “Entrance was free, but it will be ten Rupees each to leave.”

❁ Two thieves entered a house to rob it. When the one thief saw a portrait on the wall, he screamed, “Let us get out of here. The owner is a boxing world champion!”

“Don’t worry,” the other thief said, “He never fights for less than fifty thousand.”

The World of the Ants

“Get up! Get up! It is time for school, son,” Dad shouted as he opened the curtains and got us up, “All types of creatures are awake, while you are still asleep after performing Fajr salaah. Come on! Even the ants are better than you.”

This was Dad’s words every day when he woke us up for school. Everything he said was fine, but I could never accept the last sentence. How can ants be better than us? Really! Such small creatures better than us?

Anyway, I got ready for school, ate my breakfast and then hurried off. That morning during the recess, I saw the word ‘Ants’ on the title of a book that my friend Imraan was busily reading. This caught my interest and I immediately went up to him. At the same time, my other friend Kamraan also walked up and sat down on the other side. Seeing that Imraan was so busy reading, Kamraan said, “You are so busy reading when the period has not even started. Let us all go to the canteen and have a chicken sandwich and juice. The bill is on me this time.”

Although Imraan was ignoring us all until then, he jumped when he heard the invitation. He dropped the book and, rubbing his stomach, he said, “Chicken sandwiches! Let us all cheer for Kamraan!” He then grabbed Kamraan by the arm and said, “Let us go before the recess ends. I did not even eat breakfast properly because of this book.”

“What do you mean?” Kamraan asked Imraan.

“Well,” Imraan explained, “When you gave me this book yesterday after school, I started reading it immediately after completing my homework. It was so interesting that I couldn’t put it down, not even to go out and play! I then continued reading it throughout the evening until I performed Isha and went to bed. This morning after Fajr I started again and was so busy that it was 7:20 when my father came into the room and said, ‘Imraan! There is only ten minutes left for the van to come pick you up for school. You still need to bath and eat breakfast. I thought you were sleeping all this time.”

“I jumped up immediately and took a quick bath. There were only two minutes left when I finished bathing and dressing, so I managed to have only a few morsels of food before the van blew its horn outside. I could not wait for the recess to complete the last few pages. I had just completed it when you two arrived.”

“It really is a very interesting book,” Kamraan agreed, “It explains with great detail how the ants work and organise themselves in their societies.”

After hearing their praise for the book, I was forced to say, “Please allow me to read the book as well.”

“Of course,” Kamraan said as he handed it to me, “You will enjoy it.”

After leaving the canteen and completing the rest of the periods, school was over and I hurried home. I performed my salaah and ate my meal. There was barely enough time to rest before the Asr salaah. After performing salaah, I played until Maghrib and then started my homework. As soon as I had completed, I started to read the book, which then took all my time unto the Isha salaah. As soon as I had completed the Isha salaah, I continued reading until I fell asleep.

“What a beautiful garden!” I thought, “There are such huge mountains in this garden. I wonder where I am?”

I was thinking about this when Imraan and Kamraan suddenly appeared from behind a hill and came to me. “Where are we?” I asked them.

“I am not sure,” Kamraan replied, “Have you looked around yet?”

“No,” I replied, “I have just arrived. Why? What have you seen here?”

“I have seen insects that are larger than us here,” Kamraan explained, “They look just like ants.”

“Well, then you must show them to me,” I insisted.

Kamraan pointed towards a tree and, as I threw my hands over their shoulders, we three walked towards it.

We had just reached the tree when a giant insect crawled towards us from behind it. We stood still in shock.

“Behind us!” Imraan whispered in our ears, “Behind us!”

“What do you mean?” we asked with our eyes still fixed on the insect.

“Look behind us!” Imraan said with a frightened look in his eyes.

As we turned around to look, we were again shocked by another sight. There stood behind us dozens of the same type of insects. They had surrounded us as if we were criminals of some sort.

We were rooted to the spot when the insect in front of us said, “So you are three boys who think that we are bad.”

“Nn….nnn..not us,” I replied, “B…b…but who are you?”

“We are ants,” he replied, “And you people are in our territory.”

“H…H…how have you become so large?” I asked.

“Oh! We have not become large,” the ant replied, “It is you who have shrunk.”

“That explains why the trees and heaps of sand look like they do,” I said.

I had hardly completed what I was saying when one of the ants said, “Let us take them to the queen so that they can be punished.”

The ants then lifted us up and started to march with us to their colony. When the first ant reached the door of the colony, he knocked on it with his antenna. It took awhile before the door slowly opened and we saw that it led down a pathway. As we passed through, I noticed that the door to the colony was really the head of an ant that I had never seen before.

“Ali! Where are they taking us to?” Kamraan shouted as we were led down the pathway.

“We are going to the queen,” I replied, trying hard to remain calm. Although I was frightened, I was more curious.

“But what are they going to do to us there?” Imraan shouted as he wept.

“We will worry about that later,” I said to him, “For now, just concentrate on the world of the ants.”

We took a turn at some crossroads, from where I could say many other pathways. Along these pathways were many ants doing their work quietly and without any fuss. We took many turns and pathways as we proceeded deeper into the colony. Eventually we came into a large room, where the ants put us down. “Wait here,” one of the ants said, “Our queen will be with you soon.”

As the three of us huddled together, Imraan asked the ant, “What is going to happen to us?”

“Our queen will decide what to do with you,” he replied sternly.

They then left the room. “Let us relax for a while,” I said to my friends as I sat down on the ground, “We are, after all, in the palace of the ants.”

The two of them also sat down, but it was not for long. We suddenly heard shuffling and heavy breathing from outside the room and quickly sprang up. Just then, a very large ant entered the room. We could see from her size and behaviour that she was the queen.

“S…s…. *As Salaamu Alaykum*, Your highness,” we said as she looked at us.

“*Wa Alaykumus* Salaam,” she replied, “Do sit down.”

As she carefully looked at each one of us, she said, “So you are the boys who think that we are useless creatures.”

“We do not think that you are useless, your highness,” I replied, “It is just that we are unaware of what exactly you do.”

"Well," she continued, "You three have been brought here so that I may educate you about our lives."

"Please do," I said excitedly.

"Well then," she started, "The place where you find yourselves is our colony. On average, there are 50 million ants in a colony."

"Fifty million!" Kamraan gasped in disbelief.

"That's right," the queen said, "Fifty million."

"Then it must be really difficult for you to manage them and to maintain proper order?" Kamraan asked.

"Not at all," the queen replied, "Everything here runs according to system. The work here is distributed amongst all of us. We have ants in charge of nursing the young, others in charge of security and those responsible for collecting food. There are those who then store the food, others who will fight when an enemy attacks and others to tend to farming. Each of these tasks have ants who have been charged to do them. Everyone does the work he has been charged to do without interfering or fighting with the others. I am the queen of this colony."

With his fear gone, Imraan asked, "Will you be able to give us a tour of this colony?"

"Of course," the queen agreed, "Come along!"

We then followed her through the door as she explained, "The ants who brought you here are the soldiers. They are stationed at the roof and have the duty of defending the colony. Whenever an enemy approaches, the soldiers lie on their backs and spray the enemy with acid."

"You must be joking," Imraan said, "Where do you get acid from?"

"I am not joking, young man," the queen said seriously, "We do not only have acid, but also poison. When it is necessary, the acid called formic acid is also made within us. If we spray this on humans, it

causes an allergic reaction. Then there are some of us who have poison at the rear of their mouths. When an attacker gets too troublesome, the ant will release the poison and kill the attacker instantly. However, such an ant will also die in the process and will therefore be sacrificing himself for the sake of the colony.”

This news made me stare at the ants with my mouth wide open in amazement.

“Now let us proceed further,” the queen said as she gently closed my mouth, “There is still much to see.”

She then continued her explanation, “We have many rooms here in the colony and we regulate the temperature of each of them according to what it is used for. Let us go into room number 1 here.”

As we entered the room, we found many ants working there. They all stared at us as we went in, but they did nothing because we were with the queen. “We maintain the temperature of this room at 38 degrees centigrade,” she explained, “This is called the greenhouse.” We then saw many eggs scattered about the room.

We then left this room and entered another. The ants in this room seemed menacing and immediately surrounded us as we entered. Kamraan held on to me in fear.

“Do not be scared,” the queen assured us, “They will do you no harm. This room houses the soldier ants, who are prepared for duty 24 hours of the day and will act as soon as they sense any danger.”

As we entered yet another room, she explained, “This is the room where baby ants are cared for. The ants looking after the babies store a white honey in their bellies, which they feed the babies with.”

The mention of honey reminded us of how hungry we were. As I rubbed my belly out of hunger, I saw Imraan do the same. However, there was nothing we could do about our hunger here because we were prisoners.

However, my thoughts were interrupted when the queen said, “I shall now take you to the place where we store our food.” She then led us

into a room, where we saw many heaps of chewed morsels. “We eat this during the winter when food is scarce. It is like bread to us,” she explained.

Pointing to the room opposite, she said, “There we have ants who sleep from November to May.” As we entered the room, Imraan whispered to me, “Don’t they have to go to school?”

“Be quiet!” I told him, “We will have problems if they have to wake up.”

“Such a long sleep!?” Kamraan wondered aloud.

“Well,” the queen explained, “These are very special types of ants that sleep for this long period.”

To this, Imraan said, “I wish that we were able to do that. Imagine sleeping for half the year and then playing for the other half!”

“You will then have to be an ant and not a human,” the queen said as she smiled for the first time, “The first thing these ants do when the wake up is to clean this room before starting their work.”

After looking at these ants for a little while, we went off to another room. Showing us the room, the queen said, “This is the place that controls the temperature throughout the colony. This assortment of bits of leaves, grass and straw are mixed in a manner that keeps the heat constantly between 20 and 39 degrees centigrade within.”

She then led us to another room, where she said, “We keep the eggs here. You will remember that I had already showed you the greenhouse, where there were many eggs. When the eggs in this room reach a certain age, we transport them to the greenhouse.”

“I remember that there were many workers looking after the eggs there,” Kamraan said.

“We will have to get you to write a full report when we get back home,” I said to him.

“I remember it all,” he said.

“I remember only the honey ants,” Imraan whispered, “We will have to have some nice honey for breakfast when we get back.”

The queen was now friendly with us. She said, “We have only two more rooms to show you. The one is my room, which we call the royal room. You have already been there when you arrived.”

“And where is the other room?” Imraan asked hastily.

“We shall see it as we go along,” the queen replied patiently and led us along further.

“You must always be asking silly questions no matter how much we stop you,” Kamraan scolded Imraan as we walked. Imraan said nothing.

The queen went up to a room and turned to us. Pointing to the door, she said, “This is the larvae room. A larva is the little baby that emerges from an egg and looks like a worm.”

As we looked at all the larvae in the room, we feared that they should not regard us to be their meal. We were therefore pleased when the queen led us out of the room.

“But….but…” Imraan stuttered, “What do you eat?”

“Of course!” the queen cried out as she hit her hand on her forehead, “I forgot to show you the room where we store our food. Come along! We eat nectar from flowers, sweet things, certain types of leaves and various types of insects. This is our storeroom, where we keep this as well as the bodies of dead birds.”

“Let us move on,” Imraan joked, “Before we are counted amongst these delicacies.”

Laughing at what his joke, the queen said, “Don’t worry. You are our guests here. Come along. We now need to go outside the nest to see some things.”

As she led us upwards towards the entrance, we felt tremendous respect for the systematic organisation of the colony. As we reached the entrance, she communicated something with her antennae to the guards and they opened the door.

From outside, we could see that the nest had the shape of a dome. Noticing that there were pieces of grass and twigs on top of the nest, I asked the queen for the reason. She replied, "Those are places there so that the effects of the cold and heat of the season are not felt inside the nest."

While walking, she explained where she was taking us. She said, "There is a heap nearby with many rooms inside. We keep this nest separate because in it we store the bodies of our ants who have died as well as certain types of food. There are guards at all the entrances, who do not allow anyone inside apart from the ants of the same colony."

"How do they know who belongs to the colony?" I asked.

"The ants of every colony have a smell by which the others recognise them when they touch. When an ant of another colony wants to enter, the guards will grab hold of him with their powerful jaws and inject formic acid into him. This will kill him instantly. We sometimes accept into the colony ants that are like us, but until he gets the same smell as the rest of us, he will receive less food."

"Is the food rationed?" I asked.

The queen smiled at me just as an adult smiles at the question of a foolish child. She then gave the details. "You see, every ant has a duty as I explained earlier and it is according to the duties they have that they take food from the storeroom. Now if an ant takes more than what he is supposed to, he will look for a hungry ant and give the food to him."

"Isn't that amazing!" Kamraan exclaimed.

"Us humans should also learn to be so sharing," I added.

To this, the queen said, "It is good to see that you are learning some lessons from our lives. You also need to know that there are 8800 species of ants in the world."

"What?!" Imraan gasped, "Eight thousand, eight hundred?"

"Yes indeed," the queen confirmed, "Eight thousand, eight hundred. I shall get you to meet some of the other species as well."

We were standing in the shade of a tree at the time, when she dropped to the ground and started to rub her body against the ground first and then rub her head on her side. After doing this for a while, she sat upright and faced us.

"What was that all about?" I asked.

"I was calling some other ants," she explained, "We communicate by rubbing our bodies on the ground or on other things and also by rubbing our body parts together. This creates a sound that other ants recognise and respond to."

As we were speaking, we noticed many troops of ants marching up towards us. "This must be an attack!" Imraan shouted.

"Why should they attack us?" Kamraan questioned.

Seeing that they did not look hostile, I felt confident that they did not intend to attack us. However, when Kamraan mentioned that these ants looked much more dangerous, I looked at them carefully. It was then that I got a terrible fright. Some of these ants had mouths that appeared like saws and others were extremely black in colour.

When she saw our faces turn white with fear, the queen comforted us by saying, "Please do not be afraid. Although these ants are very dangerous, they will do you no harm. It was I who called them to meet you."

The ants looked larger as they came towards us. When they stopped in front of the queen, she communicated something to them by touching their antennae with hers. She was most probably introducing us to them. She then pointed to the ant on the right of us and said, "That is

a leaf-cutter ant. As you can see, his mouth is like a saw, which he uses to cut leaves to pieces. He then carries the leaves to his nest, where he farms them. They make mounds of these chewed leaves underground and allow mushrooms to grow on them. It is from these mushrooms that they then get their protein."

"Wow!" Imraan exclaimed when he heard this, "You guys are amazing!" He then stretched out his hand in a handshake and the leaf-cutter shook his hand.

"Alright," the queen said to the leaf-cutter, "You may leave." The leaf-cutter immediately shook his head and walked off.

Noticing a smaller ant walk with the leaf-cutter, Kamraan asked, "And who is the little guy with him?"

"That is his guard," she replied, "There is a guard for every leaf-cutter because the fly is their arch enemy. Flies drop their eggs on the leaf-cutter's head, causing it kill them. Since the leaf-cutter is very important for the survival of the nest, they need to protected from flies all the time."

She then turned to another ant standing by. "This," she said, "Is the weaver ant. They build their nests on trees in a very skilful manner. They stand on the end of a leaf and pull it towards another leaf. When one leaf overlaps another, they bring a larva and squeeze it until it gives off a sticky thread from it mouth. The ant then takes this thread from one leaf to the other and then back again until the leaves have been joined by the criss-crossing of the thread. The weaver ant therefore does the work of a tailor, with the larvae being the thread."

"Can we see any of their nests here?" I asked.

"Look up there," she said as she pointed to the tree above us. We looked up to see five or six leaves of the tree all bound together in a most fascinating manner. As we stood looking in amazement, the queen told the weaver ant that he was free to leave.

"Wait a minute!" Imraan said to the weaver ant just as he was about to leave. Imraan walked up to him and said, "Please give us some advice."

The weaver ant paused for a while and then said, “My advice to you is to always remain united. I would be unable to do what I do without the help of my friends. Everything can be done only when we are untied.”

“Thank you,” Imraan said to the ant, “I now resolve to always build unity amongst people and to encourage others to do the same.”

“Me too,” I said.

“Me too,” Kamraan echoed.

As the weaver ant left, the queen called another two ants, who appeared to be very dangerous. They stood very upright and were blacker in colour than other ants. The queen explained, “These two are blind and all in their colony are also blind. They are born blind and will remain blind all their lives, although they don’t appear to be blind. These are soldier ants. They have powerful jaws and will bite anything that appears to threaten the nest. They even eat meat and can cause a painful bite to humans as well.”

After giving us these details, the queen told the soldiers they could leave. In true military style, they said, “About turn!” They turned briskly and then marched off, saying, “Left! Right! Left! Right!”

“There are only two more left to introduce you to,” the queen said as she summoned the two ants. “As you can see, they are small and red. They are called fire ants. Although small, they are extremely dangerous and destructive. If they attack light poles, they can disrupt the supply of electricity. If they dig tunnels beneath roads, they can cause them to collapse. They can even attack and kill small animals.”

“That means that they are very aggressive ants,” Kamraan added.

“Although they are aggressive,” the queen noted, they are also very hard-working. Their nests can rise 30 centimetres above the ground, can be 60 centimetres wide and penetrate one and a half metres beneath the earth.”

“Are these really ants of something else?” Imraan asked in surprise.

The two fire ants laughed as they said, “We are ants, but Allaah has created us like this.”

The queen then asked them to leave as well and we were left alone. After a brief moment of silence, the queen said, “You boys have now come to realise that we are not just useless insects. You have also seen how hard we work. You will never find an ant saying that he needed to rest for a day because he had worked too hard the previous day. Allaah has created us just as He created all other creation and it is He Who has taught us what we know. You three must be very tired and hungry now.”

“Yes!” Imraan burst out, “That we are.”

The queen laughed as much as we did when we heard his outburst. She then said, “There is a plantation nearby where there are plenty of fruit to eat. You can have something to eat and drink there before leaving.”

As we then followed her towards the plantation, she asked, “Do you know that us ants are mentioned in the Qur'aan?”

When none of us gave any reply, she said, “There was a Nabi by the name of Hadhrat Sulaymaan υ who was once travelling with his army. When they were about to pass by a nest of ants, one of the ants warned the others to hurry into their homes so that the army does not trample upon them. Because Hadhrat Sulaymaan υ understood the language of the insects, he heard what the ant said and smiled at the concern of the ant for the others. He then diverted the army to pass by another direction so that the ants remain safe. This has been mentioned in Surah Naml.”

We then entered the plantation. She said, “You may eat here as you please. I will have to be going. *As Salaamu Alaykum wa Rahmatullaahi wa Barakaatuh*.”

We all greeted her as well and watched her leave until she was out of sight. I then picked up the first fruit to eat and had hardly placed it in my mouth when my eyes opened. There was no plantation, no fruit and no water. It was just myself lying on the bed.

Nonetheless, the dream taught me many lessons and I began to admire the little creatures. I made up my mind to be as hard-working and organised as the ants were in future. With this in mind, I then stood up, performed wudhu and left for the Masjid for the Fajr salaah.

Dear friends! You should also make a firm intention to live your life in an organised manner because people who are not organised waste a lot of valuable time. If tiny creatures can accomplish so much in such a systematic fashion, why can humans not do the same when humans have been blessed with more intelligence?

We must attend school on time, eat on time, sleep on time, play on time, do our homework on time, do what is good, stay away from evil and do everything in an organised manner. A good child is one who is not disorganised.

The Death Penalty

The courtroom was full of people. The king sat on his throne, with his ministers on either side. People came and went with their complaints and cases as the king quickly dealt with them in turn.

However, the king was not a compassionate king. Therefore, people were usually punished more than they deserved and very few were pardoned.

The king was busy tending to the cases when an old lady appeared before him. Looking at her sternly, the king asked, "What do you want?"

"Please, respected king," the old lady said feebly, "I have come to request you to release my son."

"Who is her son?" the king roared to his minister.

"He is the man whom you had punished the day before yesterday," came the reply.

"Oh him!" the king exclaimed in anger, "He is a real criminal! I shall release him alright! Not from prison shall I release him, but I shall release him from life. Bring him here for execution!"

The old lady tried to plead with the king, but he would not listen to her. Eventually, as the guards went to get him from prison, the old lady sat down in the corner and wept.

"O Allaah!" she prayed, "Do protect my son. He has served me so well."

The guards then brought the man before the king, who demanded that his pen and paper be brought. When it was brought to him, he wrote a royal decree that the man was to be crucified.

"There!" he said as he handed the decree to the minister, "See that he is taken care of."

Looking at the decree, the minister was surprised and thought that the king had decided to show mercy. “This has never happened before,” the minister thought. He therefore addressed the guard and said, “Set that man free.”

“Can you not read?” the king shouted at the minister, “My decree states that he is to be crucified.”

“Respected king!” the minister responded, “I can read well. It says here that the man is to be set free.”

“No it does not,” the king roared, “It states that he is to be crucified!”

“Here is the decree,” the minister said as he handed it back to the king, “It states that he it be freed.”

The king looked long at the decree. It really stated that the man was to be freed.

“How is this possible?” the king said in surprise, “I wrote that he is to be crucified.”

The king then tore up the decree and wrote another one stating that the man was to be crucified. He then handed it to the minister, who read it. Again the minister instructed the guards to set the man free.

The king was even more furious now. “Who says that he is to be freed?” he shouted.

The minister again handed the decree over to the king. It stated, “He is to be set free.”

The king was shocked to see that when he intended to write “He is to be crucified”, the words he wrote were “He is to be set free.”

Little did he realise that this was happening by the will of Allaah because of the du’aas of the man’s mother. When Allaah decides something, no power in the world can decide otherwise. When the king wrote the decree for the third time and it still stated that the man was

to be set free, he realised that it was the will of Allaah that the man was to be set free.

He therefore said, "Alright then. Set him free. How can I crucify a person when Allaah wants him to remain alive?"

Dear friends! Allaah accepted the du'aa of this old lady and actually saved the man's life. It was because he had been good to her that she made this du'aa for him. We must therefore all make a firm intention to serve out parents well so that they always make du'aa for us.

We can tell you of an excellent book to read in Urdu about being good to parents. We should all read this book and give it to our friends as gifts. The book is published by Daarul Huda and is called *Waalidayn ki Qadr kiji'e* (والدین کی قدر کیجئے).

Question 10: How far does the sun travel in a single day?

Answer 10: ....

Question 11: Where is the deepest point in the ocean?

Answer 11: ....

Question 12: In which place is the entire year a single day and a single night?

Answer 12: ....

Riddles

7.

This child knew nothing just yesterday, but becomes a youth after just fourteen days. Who is the child?

8.

It is found everywhere but its picture cannot be drawn. What is it?

Please Do Not Laugh

❁ Looking back at the year's floods that caused so much of damage, someone remarked, "Such people have died in these floods who had never died before."

❁ A foolish man once built three pools in his house. He filled one with warm water, the other with cold water and left the third empty.

When his friend came to visit him, they had the following conversation:

Friend: What do you have this hot water pool for?
Fool: One has to bath during the winter.

Friend: What do you have this cold water pool for?
Fool: One has to bath during the summer.

Friend: What do you have this empty pool for?
Fool: Sometimes one does not wish to bath.

Time is Life Itself

Khaalid and his cousin Adnaan were again busy talking until late at night. They were cracking jokes and telling each other stories until Khaalid's father called to them at 10pm to go to bed. However, Khaalid merely said, "Yes, Dad!" and continued sitting in the same place and talking. It was only when the clock struck twelve that the two boys realised how late it was and quickly went to sleep.

Because Adnaan was on holiday, he did not need to sleep early, but Khaalid was not on holiday and needed to go to school the next day. Khaalid had homework to do that evening, but he did not even manage to do it because they had spent so much time talking. Even worse was the fact that he had no performed his Isha salaah.

As Khaalid lay on his bed, he thought, "I will need to show my homework tomorrow and also still need to perform my Isha salaah. But it is so late already. What am I to do?"

He then thought of an idea. He would wake up at 3am to perform his Isha salaah and then go to bed until Fajr. He would then start his homework immediately after the Fajr salaah and complete it before school started. With this plan in mind, he fell asleep.

Khaalid slept deep and woke up only when the rays of the sun peeped through his curtains the following morning. Looking up at the clock, he was shocked to see that there were only fifteen minutes for school to start.

"What am I to do?" he thought, "I have missed the Isha salaah, the Fajr salaah, I have not done my homework and I still have to learn about Japan for Geography. Oh no!"

He then quickly packed his books in his bag, dressed in his uniform and rushed off to school without shining his dusty shoes, washing himself brushing his teeth or combing his hair.

When he reached the classroom, everyone was seated and the teacher had already started the lesson. He took permission and entered the

class, but as soon as everyone saw his untidy condition, they burst out laughing. The teacher looked carefully at him and understood that he had slept very late the previous night. Because Khaalid was generally a good boy, the teacher decided that he should correct this behaviour in a kind manner.

The teacher therefore said, “Class! Our lesson today concerns the importance of time. I shall therefore need one of you to tell us a story that teaches us about the value and importance of time.”

As the children looked at each other and thought about what to say, Khaalid knew that the teacher wanted to know what had happened to him. He therefore stood up and asked to be the first to speak.

Khaalid then turned to the rest of the class and said, “Friends! Time is like a sword. If you do not use it to cut, it will cut you. I did not come to school on time, did not do my homework on time and did not sleep on time. This all happened because I did not value my time and continued talking until late last night. This caused me to even miss my Isha salaah and Fajr salaah. It was my entire fault and I admit it. This would not have happened if I realised the importance of time and did everything on time. You can all look at me and see the result of this.”

Khaalid then returned to his seat.

The teacher praised Khaalid for his courage to admit his fault and then said, “Admitting one’s fault is a great quality and the one who does this is like one who had not committed the fault. You have done well, Khaalid. I am pleased that you now realise the value of time and I hope that you will manage your time better in the future.”

The teacher then summed up everything by saying, “Time is life itself.” He then wrote this sentence on the board and made all the children copy it into their books. He then told them that their homework that day would only be to write down the same sentence at home.

The children said, “We shall write this down as our homework and, Inshaa Allaah, we will also carry it out.”

Dear friends! This story teaches us never to waste our time doing things that are of no benefit. We need to do our work on time. In fact,

we should ask our parents to make out a time-table for us to follow throughout the day. This will make our work easy and allow us to complete all our work.

Dear friends! People who value time will use it properly and attain success in both this world and the Aakhirah. You must therefore make a firm intention to use your time wisely and never to waste it.

The Penalty for Pride

The people were busy in the bazaar as always. Traders were busy packing their goods and selling, while customers walked through to see what they needed to buy.

Just then a man entered the bazaar wearing an expensive suit. He walked with his chest outwards and in a manner that clearly showed his pride. Looking at him, the people immediately disliked him because of his arrogance. Furthermore, he insulted the poor traders he passed by and looked down on them.

As he passed by a man selling oil, he said, “Show me your oil because I may need some.”

Happy to make a sale, the man quickly picked up his oil can to show the person, but it slipped from his hand. Before he could do anything to save it, all the oil spilled on the ground and was wasted. In addition to this, some of it spilled on the proud man’s clothing.

“You have ruined my expensive suit!” the man shouted.

“I am sorry!” the trader pleaded, “Please do forgive me.”

“Forgive you?” the man shouted, “This is a thousand Rupee suit that you have ruined. You will have to replace it.”

Still grieving over the loss of his oil, the trader was even more concerned about how he was to afford a thousand Rupee suit.

“Please, sir,” he asked humbly, “Do come home with me and allow me to wash the suit for you.”

“Go to *your* house?” the man screamed, “I don’t want a washed suit. I want a new one!”

The poor trader was devastated. There was no way he could afford a thousand Rupee suit. In the meantime, many people gathered around. Amongst the people was a very intelligent boy.

“What is the matter?” the boy asked.

The boil trader explained, “He asked me to show him the oil I was selling, so I picked up the can to show him. The can then slipped from my hand and all the oil spilt onto the ground. Because some drops spattered on his suit, he demanded that I pay him a thousand rupees to replace it. When I offered to rather wash the suit, which will easily remove the stains, he refused and insisted that I pay the thousand Rupees. I have lost my oil already. Where will I get a thousand Rupees?”

When the people started to scold the proud man for his harshness, he shouted, “He has ruined my suit with his oil and I shall take the money from him. No one can stop me from doing so!”

“Alright, calm down!” the boy said, placing his finger on his mouth, “Ho much did you say this suit cost?”

“A thousand Rupees,” the man replied.

Reaching into his pocket, the boy said, “Alright, here is the thousand Rupees.”

With a glow of victory in his eyes, the proud man stretched out his hand and took the money.

As he started to walk away, the boy called to him, “Sir! Are you not forgetting something?”

“What is it?” the man asked.

The boy replied, “I have purchased your suit from you and would now like to have it.”

“You want the suit now?” the man asked in surprise.

“Well, I did pay you for it, so I would like to have it now please,” the boy smiled.

“But what will I wear?” the man asked.

“That is not my problem,” the boy replied, “I have paid for the suit and would like to have it now.”

The people gathered around sided with the boy and demanded that the man remove the clothing and hand it over. Eventually the proud man gave in and said, “Here! Take your money back.”

“No, no,” the boy said, “I have bought the suit and it is mine. However, I can let you buy it from me for two thousand Rupees. If you do not want to, then please do hand it over to me.”

The people were laughing as they listened to the conversation.

“Two thousand Rupees!” the man exclaimed, “I do not even have two thousand Rupees. In any case, the clothing is not even worth two thousand Rupees.”

The boy insisted, “I shall then repeat what I said. I can let you buy it from me for two thousand Rupees. If you do not want to, then please hand it over to me.”

When the boy insisted and refused to budge, the proud man eventually said, “Here! Take the two thousand Rupees and leave me alone.” He then handed over the money and left the bazaar.

As all the people laughed, the boy took a thousand Rupees for himself, gave half of the other thousand Rupees to the oil trader and distributed the rest amongst the poor. In this manner did the proud man suffer the penalty of his pride.

Dear friends! You have seen how pride destroys and humiliates people in this very world. You must therefore make an intention never to show pride and never to look down on others or insult them. There is no use and this and the tables may soon be turned against you.

The worst is that Allaah hates people with pride.

Question 13: Mention a sentence that can be read the same both forwards and backwards?

Answer 13: ....

Question 14: What always ends everything?

Answer 14: ....

Question 15: Which bird resembles a human being?

Answer 15: ....

Riddles

9.

A walk about with my house and am my house
I even hide in my house when I sense danger
What am I?

10.

I arrive once in every second, once in every minute and once in every year.
What am I?

Please Do Not Laugh

❁ Madman A: When did you arrive?
Madman B: On the 15th

Madman A: But today is the 13th
Madman B: I was in a hurry, so I decided to come two days earlier.

❁ Man: How did your father die?
Friend: He died of old age.
Man: Old age must be a very dangerous disease. Another man from my town also died of it last week.

Answers to Priceless Treasure Questions

1. Ummul Mu'mineen Hadhrat Aa'isha رضي الله عنها
2. Hadhrat Umar bin Khattaab τ
3. Hadhrat Mu'aawiya τ
4. Hadhrat Sa'd bin Abi Waqqaas τ
5. Hadhrat Ali τ
6. Hadhrat Khaalid bin Zaid τ
7. Hadhrat Imaam Abu Yusuf رحمه الله
8. Sultaan Tipu Shaheed رحمه الله
9. Noon (نون) and Waaw (واو)
10. Approximately 17 280 000 miles
11. The Mariana Trench is the deepest part of the world's oceans. It is located in the western Pacific Ocean, to the east of the Mariana Islands and reaches a maximum known depth of about 10.91 kilometers (6.78 mi)
12. The North and South Poles, where it is day for six month and night for six months
13. Madam I'm Adam
14. The letter 'g'
15. The penguin, which is found in Antarctica

Riddle Answers

1. Knowledge
2. Day and night
3. A book
4. Sight
5. Telephone
6. A fan
7. The moon
8. Wind
9. A tortoise
10. The letter "e" (sEcond, minutE, yEar).

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1st Zil Qadah 1432

29 th September 2011